

# Use Arnold Buggies

R. M. ARNOLD, Danville, Ky.

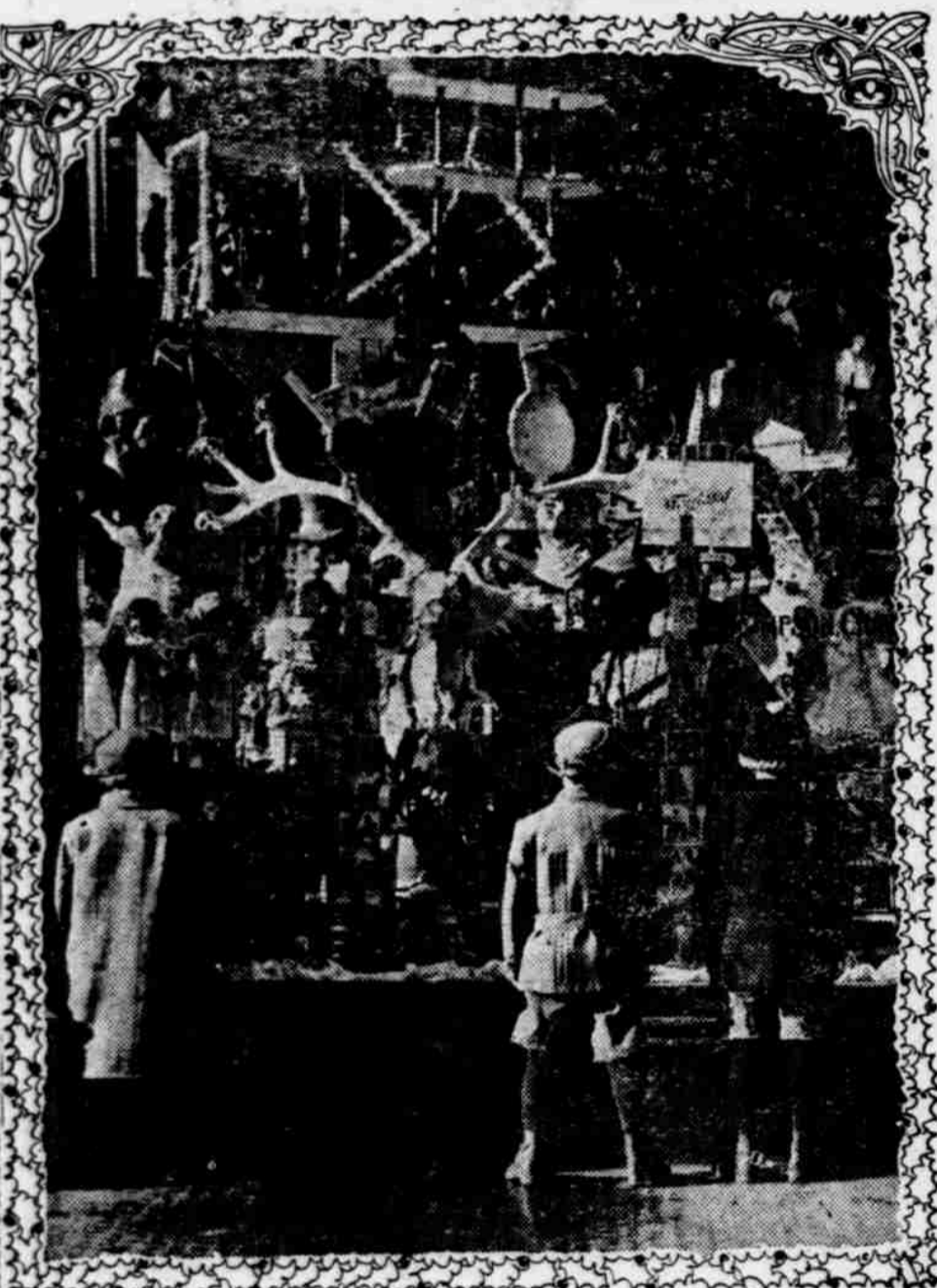
WE PAY EXPRESS  
**ORDER YOUR CLOTHES**  
**BY MAIL FROM US AND**  
**SAVE MONEY.**  
We Handle None But the Best.  
Our stocks are so large that you have every style and pattern, and size, and shape from which to select: and we make buying BY MAIL, just as easy and satisfactory as you can do it in the store. We have special things that you can get NOWHERE ELSE, such as:

Levy's Special Suits for Men at **\$15**  
Levy's Special Boys' Suits with 2 pairs of Pants **\$5**

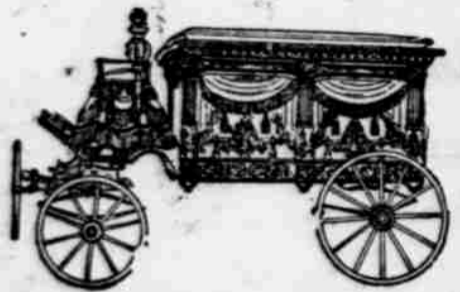
and all the Leading Lines of  
**FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES.**  
**CATALOG FREE.** We issue a large illustrated catalog, which we send free on request.  
**WE ALSO SEND SAMPLES FREE.**  
Mention this paper and write us fully for anything you want in our line, and you'll get a prompt and satisfactory answer. And if anything you buy here is not exactly what you want it may be returned and your MONEY will be immediately REFUNDED.

Members Retail Merchants Association. Railroad Fares Refunded at Certain Times.  
A House Established 50 Years Ago. The Largest in Its Line.

The Bright Spot. **LEVY'S** Third and Market.  
**LOUISVILLE, KY.**



**Selecting Their Presents.** At this season the shop window, with its wealth of Christmas offerings, has an unusual charm for every child. Every store front has its quota of smiling little folks eagerly selecting from the vast variety of good things those which they most wish, and many a note to good old Santa is being written based on what they see.



**J A BEAZLEY**  
Funeral Director  
and Embalmer  
Office Phone 31. Residence Phone  
**LANCASTER, KY.**



**John White & Co.**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
Established 1897  
Highest market price paid for  
**FURS**  
and HIDE  
**WOOL**  
on commission

Telephones Installed Since  
**May 1st, 1911.**

267 H. G. A. Ballard ..... Residence 2 M below Lowell on R. R.  
297 Miss Fannie Bishop ..... Residence Crab Orchard St.  
165 F. G. Hurt ..... Residence Water St.  
239-J J. Q. Mahan ..... Residence 3 M Richmond pike.  
263-S J. W. Mahan ..... Residence 6 M Lexington pike.  
274-S G. A. Morgan ..... Residence 7 M Flat Woods.  
186 Misses Moss & Lay ..... Dressmaking.  
265 Dr. R. L. Pontius ..... Veterinary Surgeon.  
283-U James Rankin ..... Residence Bright's Bend.  
284-A T. C. Rankin ..... Residence 3 M Old Danville Pike.  
213 Turner & Carpenter ..... Grocery Campbell St.  
381 Miss Margaret Zanone ..... Residence Crab Orchard St.  
Paste this in your telephone book.

**The Bastin Telephone Co. Incorporated. Lancaster, Ky**

## FARMER'S COLUMN

space below this heading is for the exclusive use of our farmer subscribers, and is for the sale of stock, grain and such things on farm as the farmer cannot afford to advertise. No notice will be accepted over four lines, and will be in two issues of the Record, free of charge.

Mr. Timothy Ford sold to Mr. Clayton Arnold a bunch of hogs at 4 cts per lb.

A few crops of tobacco were sold here last week to Lancaster parties at 10 and 11 cts per lb.

Messrs Lawson & Brown sold to Lillard & Fox of Danville 45 eight hundred pound yearling cattle at 4 1/2 cents per pound and delivered them on last Monday.

Capt. Am Bourne who cried the sale for R. E. Edwards and Richard Brown, administrators of LaFayette Brown, deceased, reports the following—1 pair of aged mules \$200; milk cows \$30. to \$40; Forty head of sheep at \$4. per head; 1 sow and 4 shoats for \$11; Nine shoats at \$1.50 per head. Farming implements sold well.

Mr Bourne is a good auctioneer and certainly gets the highest dollar for anything he sells.

W. B. Burton returned Sunday from a ten days stay in Wilson N. C. where he went to assist in disposing of a large number of horses and mules which he has recently shipped to the Wilson Live Stock Co. Mr. Burton returned via Atlanta Ga. where he purchased a car load of stock consisting of five horses for which he paid \$765, and 20 mules which cost him \$196, per head, and which he shipped to his farm at Wilson. Mr. Burton tells us that the mule trade in the south is completely derelict, and that mules may be purchased in Atlanta for a less price than the same animals would bring here at home.

### A Terrible Blunder.

to neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness or inactive bowels and prevent violent indigestion, jaundice or gall stones. They regulate liver, stomach and bowels and build up your health. Only 25c at R. E. McRoberts & Son. 1-m

### Notice.

There will be a meeting of the shareholders of The Garrard Bank & Trust Co., Lancaster, Ky., at its banking house on Tuesday, January the 9th, 1912 for the purpose of electing directors to serve the ensuing year.  
12-15 St J. W. Elmore, Cashier.

### Notice.

There will be a meeting of the shareholders of The Citizens National Bank, Lancaster, Ky., at its banking house on Tuesday January ninth, 1912 for the purpose of electing directors to serve the ensuing year.  
12-8-St W. F. Champ, Cashier.

### Notice.

There will be a meeting of the shareholders of The National Bank, Lancaster, Ky., at its banking house on Tuesday, January the ninth 1912 for the purpose of electing directors to serve the ensuing year.  
12-8-St S. C. Denny, Cashier.

## The FLYING MERCURY

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM  
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS  
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY BOBBY-MERRILL CO.  
CHAPTER I.

The roaring reports of the motor fell into abrupt silence, as the driver brought his car to a halt.  
"You signaled?" he called across the grind of set brakes.  
In the blending glare of the search-lights from the two machines, the gray one arriving and the limousine drawn to the roadside, the young girl stood, her hand still extended in the gesture which had stopped the man who now leaned across his wheel.  
"Oh, please," she appealed again.  
On either side stretched away the Long Island meadows, dark, soundless, apparently unbroken. Only this spot of light broke the monotony of dreariness. A keen, chill, October wind sighed past, stirring the girl's delicate gown as its folds lay unheeded in the dust, fluttering her fur-lined cloak and shaking two or three childish curls from the bondage of her velvet hood. The driver swung himself down and came toward her with the unhesitating swiftness of one trained to the unexpected.

"I beg pardon—can I be of some use?" he asked.  
"We are lost," she confessed hurriedly. "If you could set us right, I should be grateful. I—we must get home soon. I have been a guest at a house somewhere here, and started to return to New York this afternoon. The chauffeur does not know Long Island; we cannot find any place. And now we have lost a tire. I was afraid—"

He huddled his words slightly and spoke too rapidly, the round, good-humored face he turned to the white light was too flushed; otherwise there was nothing unusual in his appearance. And his caste was evident and unquestionable in spite of any circumstance. There was no anger in the girl's dark eyes as she gazed straight before her, only pity and helplessness.

"I can tell your chauffeur the road," the driver of the gray car quietly said. "Have you far to go?"  
"To the St. Royal," she answered, looking at him. "My uncle is there. Is that far?"  
"No; you can reach there by ten o'clock. I will speak to your chauffeur."

"Do, like a good fellow," the other man interposed. "Awfully obliged. You're not angry, Emily," he added, lowering his voice, and moving nearer. "Since we've engaged, why should you get frightened simply because I proposed we get married to night instead of waiting for a big wedding? I thought it was a good idea, you know. It isn't my fault. Anderson got lost instead of getting us home for dinner, is it?"  
"Hush, Dick," she rebuked, hot color sweeping her face. "You, you are not well. And we are not engaged; you forget. Just because people want to be—Too proud to let her steadiness quiver, she broke the sentence."

If the driver had heard, and it was scarcely possible that he had not, he made no sign. By the acetylene light he produced an envelope and pencil, and proceeded to sketch a map showing the route to the limousine's chauffeur.

"Understand it?" he queried, concluding. He had a certain decision of manner, not in the least arrogant, but the result of a serene self-surety that somehow accorded with his lithe, trained grace of movement. A judge of men would have read him an athlete, perhaps in an unusual line.  
"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied. "I'll get Miss Ffrench home in no time after I get the tire on."

The indiscretion of the spoken name was ignored, except for a slight lift of the hearer's eyebrows.

"How long does it take you to change a tire?"

"About half an hour; it's night, of course."  
An odd, choking gurgle sounded from the gray machine, where a dark figure had sat until now in quiescent muteness.  
"Half an hour!" echoed the gray machine's driver, and faced toward the chauffeur. "Rupert, it isn't your contract, but do you want to come over and change this tire?"

"I'll do it for you, Darling," was the sweet response; the small figure rolled over the edge of the car with a catlike celerity. "Where are your tools, you chauffeur? Quick!"

The bewildered chauffeur mechanically reached for a box on the running-board, as the young assistant came up, grinning all over his malignant dark face.  
"Oh, quicker! What's the matter, rheumatism? They wouldn't have you in a training camp for motor trucks on Sunday. Hustle, please."

girl looked on in fascination at a rapidity of unwavering movement suggesting a conjuring feat.  
"By George!" exclaimed her escort. "A splendid man you've got there! Really, a splendid chauffeur, you know."  
The driver smiled with a gleam of irony, but disregarded the comment.  
"Would you like to get into your car?" he asked the girl. "You will be able to start very soon."  
"I see that," she acknowledged gratefully. "Thank you; I would rather wait here."  
"Is your chauffeur trustworthy?"  
"Oh, yes; he has been in my uncle's employ for three years. But he was never before out here, in this place."

There was a pause, filled by the soft monotone of insults drifting from the side of the limousine, for Rupert talked while he worked and his fellow-worker did not please him.  
"Wrench, baby hippo! Oh, look behind you where you put it—you need a memory course. You ought to be passing spoils to a lady with a sewing machine. Did you ever see a motor car before? There, pump her up, do." He rose, drew out his watch and glanced at it. "Five minutes; I'll have to beat that day after tomorrow."

The driver looked over at him and their eyes laughed together. Now, for the first time the girl noticed that across the shoulders of both men's jerseys ran in silver letters the name of a famous foreign automobile.  
"I am very grateful, indeed," she said bravely and graciously. "I wish I could say more, or say it better. The journey will be short, now."

But all her dignity could not check the frightened shrinking of her glance, first toward the interior of the limousine and then toward the man who was to enter there with her. And the driver of the gray machine saw it.

"We have done very little," he returned. "May I put you in your car?"  
The chauffeur was gathering his tools, speechlessly outraged, and making ready to start. Seated among the rugs and cushions, under the light of the luxurious car, the girl deliberately drew off her glove and held out her small uncovered hand to the driver of the gray machine.

"Thank you," she said again, meeting his eyes with her own, whose darkness contrasted oddly with the blonde curls clustered under her hood.

"You are not afraid to drive into the city alone?" he asked.

"Alone! Why, my cousin—"

"Your cousin is going to stay with me."

She flung back her head; amazement, sudden, relief struggled over her sensitive face, and finally melted into irrepressible mirth under the fine amusement of his regard.

"You are clever—and kind, to do that! No, I am not afraid."

He closed the door.

"Take your mistress home," he bade the chauffeur. "Crank for him, Rupert."

"Why, why—" stammered the limousine's other passenger, turning as the motor started.

No one heeded him.

"By-by, don't break any records," Rupert called after the chauffeur.

"Hold yourself in, do. If you shed any more tires, telegraph for me, and if I'm within day's ride, come put them on for you and save your time."

Silence closed down again, as the red tail light vanished around a bend. The gray car's driver nodded curtly to the stupefied youth in the middle of the road.

"Unless you want to stay here all night, you'd better get in the machine," he suggested. "My name's Lestrage—I suppose yours is Ffrench?"

"Dick Ffrench. But, see here, you mean well, but I've got with my cousin. I'd like a drive with you, but I'm busy."

"You're not fit to go with your cousin."

"Not—"

"Fit," completed Lestrage defiantly. "Can you hang on somewhere, Rupert?"

"I can," Rupert assured, with an infection of his own. "Get your friend aboard."

Lestrage was already in his seat, waiting.

"What's that for?" asked the dazed guest, as, on taking his place, a strap was slipped around his waist, securing him to the seat.

"So you won't fall out," soothed the grinning Rupert. "You ain't well, you know. Not that I'd care if you did, but somebody might blame Darling."

"It takes its chances. If you are connected with the Ffrenches who manufacture the Mercury car, you should know something of automobile racing yourself. I noticed your limousine was of that make."

"Yes, that is my uncle's company. I did see a race once at Coney Island. A car turned over and killed its driver and made a nasty mess. I—I didn't fancy it."

A wheel slipped off a stone, giving the car a swerving lurch which was as instantly corrected—with a second lurch—by its pilot. The effect was not tranquilizing; the shock swept the last confusion from Ffrench's brain.

"Where are you taking me?" he presently asked.

"Where do you want to go? I will set you down at the next village we come to; you can stay there tonight or you can get a trolley to the city."

The question remained unanswered. Several times Ffrench glanced, rather diffidently, at his companion's clear, firm profile, and looked away again without speaking.

"I went out to get my cousin to-day, and my host gave me a couple of high balls," he volunteered, at last. "I don't know what you thought—"

Lestrage twisted his car around a belated farm wagon.

"How old are you?" he inquired calmly.

"Twenty-three."

"I'm nearly twenty-seven. That's what I thought."

The simpler mind considered this for a space.

"Some men are born awake, some awake themselves, and some are shaken into awakening," paraphrased Lestrage, in addition. "If I were you, I'd wake up; it comes easier and it's sure to arrive anyhow. There is the village ahead—shall I stop?"

"It looks terribly dull," was the doleful verdict.

"Then come with me," flashed the other unexpectedly; for a fractional instant his eyes left the road and turned to his companion's face. "Did you ever see race practice at dawn? Come try a night in a training camp."

"You'd bother with me?"

"Yes."

A head bobbed up by Ffrench's knee, where Rupert was clinging in some inexplicable fashion.

"Once I rode eight miles out there by the hood, head downward, holding in a pin," he imparted, by way of entertainment.

Ffrench stared at the reeling perch indicated, and gasped.

"What for?" he asked.

"So we could keep on to our control instead of being put out of the running, of course. Did you guess I was curing a headache?"

"But you might have been killed!" exclaimed Ffrench.

Even by the semi-light of the lamps there was visible the mechanic's droll twist of lip and brow.

"I'd drive to hell with Lestrage," he explained sweetly, and settled back in his place.

Ffrench drew a long breath. After a moment he again looked at the driver.

"I'll come," he accepted. "And, thank you."

It was Lestrage who smiled this time, with a sudden and enchanting warmth of mirth.

"We'll try to amuse you," he promised.

CONTINUED

**"I Am Well"**  
writes Mrs. L. R. Barker, of Bud, Ky., "and can do all my housework. For years I suffered with such pains, I could scarcely stand on my feet. After three different doctors had failed to help me, I gave Cardui a trial. Now, I feel like a new woman."

**Take CARDUI**

**The Woman's Tonic**

A woman's health depends so much upon her delicate organs, that the least trouble there affects her whole system. It is the little things that count in a woman's life and health. If you suffer from any of the aches and pains, due to womanly weakness, take Cardui at once, and avoid more serious troubles. We urge you to try it. Begin today.

**MONEY IN TRAPPING FURS**  
We tell you how, and pay best market prices. We are dealers established in 1906 and can do BETTER for you than any other commission merchant. References any bank in Louisville. Write for weekly price list.  
**M. SABEL & SONS**  
221-223 E. 2d St. LOUISVILLE, KY.  
Dealers in FURS, HIDES, WOOL.

## Report of the Condition

OF THE

## PEOPLES BANK

doing business at Paint Lick, town of Paint Lick, County of Garrard, State of Kentucky.  
AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON THE

5th day of Dec 1911.

### RESOURCES:

1. Loans and Discounts	\$ 75,000 00
2. U. S. and other Bonds, Stocks and Securities	5,311 82
3. Due from Banks	3,298 12
4. Actual Cash on hand	5,311 82
5. Checks, cash items and exchange for clearing	103 90
6. Overdrafts—secured & unsecured, \$4,822 41	4,822 41
7. Current expenses and notes paid and fixtures, \$ 1.83	1 83
8. Real Estate, \$1,340 00, Furniture and other assets not included under any of the above heads	1,500 00
Total	\$ 90,855 94

### LIABILITIES:

10. Capital Stock paid in, in cash	\$ 16,000 00
11. Surplus, \$10,000 00; Undivided profits, \$29 22; Total	16,029 22
12. Deposits on which interest is paid	10,620 28
13. Deposits on which interest is not paid, \$7,678 81	7,678 81
14. Cashier's checks, outstanding	57,678 81
15. Certified checks, \$ 1.83	1 83
16. Notes and bills rediscounted, \$ 5,000 00	5,000 00
17. Bills payable, \$ 5,000 00	5,000 00
18. Other liabilities not included under any of the above heads	0 00
Total	\$ 90,855 94

STATE OF KENTUCKY, )  
COUNTY OF GARRARD, )  
I, R. G. Woods, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by R. G. Woods this 19th day of Dec 1911.

A. B. Estridge, Notary Public.  
My Commission expires January 31, 1914.

Correct—Attest:  
T. S. Barnum,  
W. C. Fish,  
J. B. Woods, Directors.

## PAINT LICK.

Mrs. Walker Guyn and little daughter have been visiting in Stanford.

Dr. W. L. Carman and Mr. Harry Francis were in Lancaster Sunday.

Messrs R. W. Estridge and Grant Metcalf visited near Harrodsburg last week.

Mr. John Terry and daughters are both about well after an attack of diphtheria.

The popular firm of Fish & Hammack will on January 1st, adopt the cash system.

Judge T. Z. Morrow of Somerset has returned to his home after a several days visit to Dr. and Mrs. N. Mays.

Mrs. Rubie Dalton who was operated on for appendicitis at Good Samaritan Hospital at Lexington is doing nicely.

Remember the Lancaster Record is prepared to do any kind of printing at reasonable prices, send us your order for job work.

Miss Josephine Waytes of Georgetown College is expected Wednesday night to spend the holidays with her grandmother Mrs. N. Mays.

A number of friends and relatives will attend the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tood on next Sunday. A full report of the affair will appear in The Record.

Miss Eliza Rucker the Records popular correspondent at Paint Lick, we are glad to announce will continue to furnish us a letter nearly every week during the year 1912. The people of that section are requested to notify her of any news item they might know of and in that way make a better Record for the readers who are always interested in what is doing at Paint Lick.

The editor of the Record made a business trip to the thriving little town of Paint Lick on last Saturday and found the merchants doing a large business. Mr. R. G. Woods, the new cashier of the Peoples Bank seems to be taking Mr. Kemper's place in an acceptable manner pleasing the officers of the Bank as well as the depositors. This is one of the very best State Banks in the State and the people of that section are justly proud of it. Mr. Woods is the son of Mr. Earnest Woods of Paint Lick and is one of the best business men of this county. He married Miss Jennie White, a daughter of Mr. John White, about six years ago. His wife visited friends here before her marriage and is well known to a number of Lancaster people.

## Very Serious

It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

**THE FORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine**

The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not irritate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined.  
**SOLD IN TOWN**